

BELL (T.S.)

EULOGY

UPON

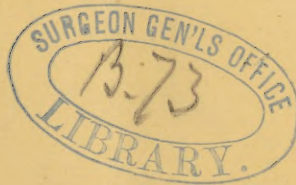
Lunsford P. Yandell, M.D.

BY

THEODORE S. BELL, M. D.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

*Reprint from American Practitioner,
April, 1878.*



MEMORIAL ADDRESS
UPON THE
LIFE AND SERVICES
OF
LUNSFORD PITTS YANDELL, M. D.

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Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, University of Louisville.

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Mr. President: At a meeting of the faculty of the Medical Department of the University of Louisville, on the fourth evening of February, a resolution was passed providing that at this commencement occasion a memorial address on the life and services of Professor Lunsford Pitts Vandell, Sr., should be made, and I was selected for this duty, because I was one of his pupils in the beginning of his splendid career as a medical teacher, and because I have been his friend and companion for the space of forty-seven years. In obedience to that call, I am here.

Gentlemen of the Faculty: The sadness and solemnities of a great loss are upon us, and I desire to approach it in a spirit consonant with all that is proper and appropriate on such an occasion. When those who for a long period of time trimmed and held the lamps, so that they might diffuse light, have ceased to perform those offices, we feel that we have been bereft of many sources of healthful joy, of beneficent trust, of munificent treasures.

The Hebrew prophet, in his hallowed vision, penetrated "the under world," and saw its scenes of grandeur as they were called forth by the downfall of him who had laid his heavy hand on the people of God. The highest flights of Greek and Roman poetry sink before it; even the Æschylus scenes of the burning beacons, that leaped from hill to hill, and conveyed to Greece the intelligence of the fall of Troy, are tame in the presence of the sublime imagery, the splendid roll-call, the vivid life that moves in this

panorama, called into existence by the genius of Isaiah. Nature herself bursts forth in rapturous joy, thanksgiving and praise:

"How hath the oppressor ceased! The exactress of gold ceased!
 He who smote 'the people' in wrath with a continual stroke.
 He that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted—none hindereth.
 Yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee—and the cedars of Lebanon, saying,
 Since thou art laid down—no feller is come up against us."

In his ecstatic vision Isaiah saw "the under world" moved by the great event:

"It hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations.
 They all speak and say unto thee,
 Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us?
 Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols;
 * * * * *

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!
 How art thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken the nations!
 For thou hast said in thine heart,
 I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God;
 I will sit also on the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north;
 I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most
 High.

Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit.
 They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee and consider thee,
 saying,
 Is this the man that made the earth tremble, that did shake the kingdoms;
 That made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof;
 That did not let his prisoners loose homewards?"

And may not we, with an eye of faith, look in upon that "under world," and see the lover of Christianity, the apostle of science, the earnest devotee to the medical profession, greeted and hailed with joy and rapture by the throngs that knew him in this life, and who had preceded him in the journey of immortality? If that "under world" has wrath and condemnation for the oppressor, the evil doer, and the worker of all unrighteousness, is it not the fullness of joy, of rapturous joy, to know, by faith, that in its wide domain there are many mansions reserved and prepared expressly for the blessed in Christ; for those who labored in the ordeal of this life to not only enjoy the full fruition of the beatitudes poured out bountifully in "the Sermon on the Mount," but to diffuse them to others whenever and wherever opportunity was offered, or could be made? May we not rejoice to know that

“the ministering spirits” appointed for “the heirs of salvation” accompany them across the Jordan of death to the heavenly Canaan? That on the grand and eternal fields of that inheritance they are met by those who have well performed their part in the pilgrimage of this life, who have ended faith by sight, hope in fruition, and are filled with an eternal love? This inheritance is far beyond the most enraptured vision that the eyes of the Hebrew prophets ever saw.

I have felt it incumbent upon me to say at least this much respecting a conspicuous trait in the life of the man to whose memory we joyfully pay tribute. In an early part of the public labor he performed in Transylvania University, he made prominent, not only his devotion to Christianity, but he urged upon the medical students to whom his address was delivered, its all important character. He earnestly and cogently said:

“I owe it to you, to my conscience, to the professions I have made, and to that Being who is above all these, to exhort you to be something higher and better than wise men; and to declare my firm belief that there is no system of sound morals, no safe guide for human conduct, that neither virtue nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and the doctrines of the Christian religion. And let me add my conviction, that if you will bring to the study an impartial temper, and one-half of the industry with which you have prosecuted medicine this winter, your investigations will result in a firm, unwavering and salutary belief in their truth.” And during the forty-six years that have rolled their courses since our illustrious friend uttered these immortalizing truths, we, who knew him intimately, know that he made these principles the constant guide of his life—they were his solace in dying.

I should feel that I had done but a very small part of my duty to his memory were I to permit this occasion to pass away without improving it with some remarks on this momentous theme. I know that it is unfashionable to speak in behalf of Christianity; I know that there is an undercurrent of infidelity that is steeped in ignorance, that takes a delight in destroying all the hopes that rest on this fair fabric. But there is a strong probability that this is the last time that I shall occupy the rostrum for a public lecture, and that is a cogent reason why I shall say something on the point before us. May I not ask for this episode your careful attention?

If the wild and incoherent infidelity among us goes back to Theocritus, Lucretius and Lucien, may we not do the same?

And, I ask, does not all concurrent testimony show that in the days of Nero all precedent civilization was utterly dead? The Greek, the Roman and the Hebrew were alike effete and trampled under foot. The highest hope of mankind was concerned about one thing alone—that was Nero-olatry, the worship of Nero. What revived the Greek, the Roman and the Hebrew literature and philosophy? What was it that breathed into those dry bones the breath of life, and rehabilitated them with flesh and blood? Something passed over this vast morass of death, and quickened it into undying verdure. What was it? From whence came this vivifying power, this marvelous vivification? Something was born among men that changed the whole current of history. Let us look at the events in the bald light of mere history. Let us strip them of every claim to divine power, and what do we find? A poor Jew, a man of a detested race, toward which Greek and Roman felt an utter repugnance, began in Judea to teach a new doctrine, a system of morals at once pure and sublime, and he, for the first time, taught immortality. He chose for his companions the lowest members of the Jewish race, who spoke a dialect almost unintelligible to the Jews. The grand tribunal of the Jewish race arrested him and put him to death; and from this beginning started the mightiest power that has ever moved among the inhabitants of this planet. In its wide-spread domain it has never been rivaled; in its persistent power it has never been equaled. It has in it now “the fountain of immortal youth;” it is as young, as vigorous, as all-subduing as when it started on its grand career. At this moment it shows as small a propensity toward decay as at any moment of its existence. It bore unchanged the mightiest changes of the earth; the rage and bloody persecution of the Jewish hierarchy and all the power of the Roman empire. I ask—and may I not reasonably ask—those who are mighty and potent in EVOLUTION to explain this phenomenon. The entire history of the earth has nothing that even approaches a parallelism to this. For nearly two thousand years this power, thus lowly born, without any adventitious aid, has ruled the ablest minds and the purest hearts of the human race. Can the enigma be solved? Say that it was a mere human event, from whence came its vitality? No power coeval with it, no

matter how enthroned, no matter how panoplied, has come down the stream of time with it. It did not ally itself with any force extrinsic to itself; it contained constant protest against any such alliance, and it survived, pure, youthful, ennobling and vivifying, when other matter was wrecked, when all other worlds of thought were crushed. That solution of the enigma will not, can not do. Nature has made the law, that can not be transgressed—the stream can not rise higher than its fountain. Say that it was a fraud, what other fraud ever stood the ordeal through which this has passed? And what fraud, among all that have been fabricated, was ever made of such material as this? There is not a flaw anywhere within it. It inculcated and rendered obligatory the purest, sublimest morals that the earth has ever known. Is this a birthright of fraud? If so, in what other one, in all the history of the earth, has it ever been found?

I hold that it is incontestably of divine power, and that upon no other basis can any one account for its birth, its progress, its mighty sway, its existence from its birth to the present moment.

I do not envy that man who undertakes to impair this, the richest bequest that Palestine, which teemed with other splendors of glory, ever gave to the human inhabitants of the earth. Swung loose from its moorings in this faith, the human family is thrown upon a tumultuous ocean, the sport of its wild waters, without rudder, compass or light-house. The horrible, loathsome picture of human nature, portrayed with the supreme skill of a pre-eminent limner, in the first chapter of the letter to the Romans, would be its portrait now. Juvenal, Persius, Catullus and Ovid bear abundant testimony to the truth of the picture. There was not one redeeming gleam of moral beauty in the somber hues of this portraiture of human desolation and depravity. The purifying, ennobling, chastening power of the gospel of Christ lifted humanity from the sloughs of this degradation. No other power has yet been conceived that could have done this. In accepting this we have not followed a cunningly devised fable. There is not a fact in the history of this planet that stands on a more imperishable foundation of truth than this. Not one argument against it has ever borne the ordeal of trial. I know what I affirm, for I have carefully tried every one that I have ever heard of. The truths of Christianity have stood uninjured the test of nearly two thousand years. Evolution is but the creature of yes-

terday, that will perish in the using. We solve, by the court of our reason, through the equipments of the mind, all other historical questions. Why not this, infinitely the most momentous one ever addressed to the human faculties? Why shall this alone be given over to the puerilities of dogmatism, of wild, bootless assertion, and the windy emptiness of sneers? As Jean Paul Richter says: "There is an infinite interval between the tallest of our race and that Majestic One, who, being the holiest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy, lifted with His pierced hands empires from their hinges, turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the Ages."

I have said enough on this theme for such an occasion as this. I rejoice that our friend whose loss we deplore panoplied himself with the graces and vigor of this great power, and gathered the mighty strength of his life from its vitalizing influence. I owed to his memory its embalment in the precious material of this faith. I owed to myself this testimony in its behalf.

In the very morning of the illustrious career run by Professor Yandell he accepted a life of toil that should bear rich and noble fruit. In the introductory discourse to the first medical class that he ever addressed, he said: "There are many medals in the natural history of the West, which the industrious of you will receive,—contributions to be made to the stock of science, which will place the aspiring of you on the same catalogue with Linnæus, Harvy, Priestly, Lavoisier and Davy. And," he added, "let me say to you, that that individual who shall write the natural history of the Western country, present the locality of its minerals, describe the geology, the character of its animal and vegetable productions, analyze its mineral waters, and describe its diseases, with the causes which give rise to, and the method of preventing and curing them, if he may not be promised the boon of immortality, will yet both add to the glory of his country, derive a rich present reward of fame and money, and be ranked by posterity among the effective contributors to science."

This is an epitome of his own great career, and through forty-seven years of his life he earnestly, sedulously and actively pursued the practices thus inculcated. It was my good fortune to hear his first course of lectures on chemistry, and I can bear testimony to the fact that he imbued the class with a love of science which no preceding one had known. But it was on the occasion

of his removal to Louisville that he entered upon his great career as a geological explorer, as a paleontological student, in which he won merited distinction. The coral reef at the falls of the Ohio; the fossiliferous beds of Beargrass creek; the Buttonmole hill in this county; the quarries in the neighborhood of the city, and Spergen hill, in Indiana, greatly enlarged his knowledge in these rich fields of exploration, and enriched his cabinet with priceless treasures. He entered into this field of research in the very healthful frame of mind that Whewell has well described when he says:

“The real philosopher, who knows that all the kinds of truth are intimately connected, and that all the best hopes and encouragements which are granted to our nature must be consistent with truth, will be satisfied and confirmed, rather than surprised and disturbed, to find the natural sciences leading him to the borders of a higher region. To him it will appear natural and reasonable that, after journeying so long among the beautiful and orderly laws by which the universe is governed, we find ourselves at last approaching to a source of order and law and intellectual beauty; that, after venturing into the region of life, and feeling, and will, we are led to believe the fountain of life and will not to be itself unintelligent and dead, but to be a living mind—a power which aims as well as acts. To us the doctrine appears like the natural cadence of the tones to which we have so long been listening; and without such a final strain our ears would have been left craving and unsatisfied. We have been lingering long amid the harmonies of law and symmetry, constancy and development; and these notes, though their music was sweet and deep, must too oft have sounded to the ear of our moral nature as vague and unmeaning melodies, floating in the air around us, but conveying no definite thought, molded into no intelligible announcement. But one passage which we have again and again caught by snatches, though sometimes interrupted and lost, at last swells in our ears full, clear and decided; and the religious hymn in honor of the Creator, to which Galen so gladly lent his voice, and in which the best physiologists of succeeding times have ever joined, is filled into a richer and deeper harmony by the greatest philosophers of these later days, and will roll on hereafter, the ‘perpetual song’ of the temple of science.”

As we survey the earnest and continuous efforts of Prof. Vandell,

of this zealous devotee to science, we are struck by the varied and diversified character of his labors, and with the monumental pile he reared by those labors. All scientific inquiry commanded his attention and won his active agencies. He surveyed the starry constellations, and found in them abundant food for his mind; he saw them and studied them as the work of Him

“ Who alone spread out the heavens,
And treadeth upon the waves of the sea.
Who made Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades,
And the chambers of the South;
Who doeth great things past finding out; yea, and
wonders without number.”

His love for natural science became intense, and to the abundant riches of this part of the State he found ample scope for the zeal that fired his soul. He called from their crypts the members of the crinoidean world; he saw them as radiated animals, growing on a long, jointed stalk, and possessing a wondrous beauty. They fairly swarmed in the early seas, in the primordial ages of the earth, and culminated in the carboniferous era of our planet. A vast profusion of the crinoids extended from Jefferson county, in Kentucky, down into Alabama. At the command of his palæontological genius, the fossil forms seemed to be once more endowed with life, and give us glimpses of the world as it existed when they crowded the waters and were preparing to make immense monuments with their remains. These stone-lilies are among the most beautiful things of the fossiliferous ages. With a rare and earnest eloquence, and a mind full of the theme, he prepared a paper for “*The Home and School*,” an educational periodical, published in this city, on the question “*What fossils teach*.” Of all his scientific papers, if it is lawful to make a distinction where all are replete with interest, this is one of the profoundest, and is remarkably full of instruction of very great value. In this admirable essay the encrinites play their part. The whole of this admirable paper is written in a style of great excellence. The exordium is of singular beauty, recalling, as it does, the graceful, eloquent teaching of Mantell, and the effulgent splendors of Hugh Miller. The peroration is in fine keeping with all the other great merits of this essay.

Professor Yandell says: “The grasses in which the grain-bearing plants are ranged—wheat, rye, barley, rice and Indian corn

—had not then clothed the earth with verdure; nor had the family been called into existence which affords the apple, the peach, the grape, the orange and the rose. There were few or no spices yielding ‘cinnamon and odors and frankincense and wine, and oil and fine flour.’ The odors which give beauty to the earth, and load its air with fragrance and supply us with our delicious subacid fruits, had not appeared. But when all these had been fashioned, and the ruminant family among animals had been introduced to supply him with milk and flesh best suited to his wants, then, ‘in the fullness of time,’ man, of noble aspect and erect in gait, with face that turns naturally upward toward the heavens, with hands framed to execute whatever his mind can devise, with ‘reason looking before and after, and conscience having respect to a life to come,’ was brought upon the stage to preside over the goodly scene and hold communion with his Maker.”

In 1847 Professor Yandell and Dr. B. F. Shumard published “Contributions to the Geology of Kentucky.”

In 1848 Professor Yandell published a “note to M. de Verneuil, concerning the discovery of calcareous arms in *Pentremites Florealis*.” This fossil, in its most perfect condition, is found in the Keokuk beds, at Crawfordsville, Indiana. This “note” was published in the Bulletin of the Geological Society of France.

In 1851 Professor Yandell published a very valuable and highly-prized article “On the Distribution of the Crinoidea in the Western States.” It was published in the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

In 1855 there appeared in “The American Journal of Science and Art,” known over the world as Silliman’s Journal, from the pen of Professor Yandell, “A Description of a New Genus of Crinoidea, named *Acrocrinus Shumardi*.”

During all this time he was laboriously engaged in the practice of his profession, and in his duties as a medical teacher in the University of Louisville. And, in addition to these, through a long period of time, he regularly gathered the medical class on Sunday mornings, and taught them the relations of geological science to the genesis of creation, as recorded by Moses. Many works have been recently written on this subject, but Professor Yandell was one of the earliest laborers in this field, he having given the rich intelligence of his mind to these themes more than a quarter of a century ago.

The great masters of geology and palæontology, in recognition of the remarkable merit of his labors in its departments, medalized, as a perpetual memorial, his name on these fossils:

Platycrinus Yandelli, named and described by Owen and Shumard.

Actinocrinus Yandelli, named by Dr. B. F. Shumard.

Chonetes Yandellana, by Professor James Hall.

Amplexus Yandelli, by Edwards and Haime.

Trachonema Yandellana, by Professor James Hall.

Phillipsastræa Yandelli, by Dr. C. Rominger, the great palæontologist of Michigan.

But in the short space of time allotted to me I should utterly fail were I to attempt even to name all these labors that constituted an active life of forty-seven years. I can not dwell, therefore, on any other part of my theme as I have dwelt upon this. And even it is far from being exhausted. We may rejoice to know that his valuable museum of Natural Science will remain among us here in Louisville. By his will he bequeathed it to his son honored as his namesake, who materially aided him in collecting and preserving it.

But, above all other things of a mere earthly character, Professor Yandell was devoted to his profession. He felt, with his favorite poet, that

"A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal."

In his ceaseless activities in various toils, he never lost sight of the conspicuity to which the medical profession is thoroughly entitled, and he labored to promote it toward that high ideal he had formed of its significant merits. While he was far superior in learning and in the equipments for practice to Sydenham, he loved to dwell on his noble qualities and to present him as an exemplar worthy of all honor. In his mind's eye he saw him come through a civil war, an officer retired from service, without an employment of any kind. He saw him select medicine as a noble and worthy calling, and to its study he devoted himself with zeal and assiduity, and, in addition to this, he made himself one of the best Latin scholars of the time—less than Milton, but a man might be that and yet be a respectable Latinist. He obtained the name among his countrymen of "the English Hippocrates," a proud

name to which he is eminently entitled. Professor Yandell supremely admired his character, and was intimately acquainted with his works. He made his maxims the constant guide of his professional life. In all his visiting lists he wrote, just beneath his name,

“Primum est non nocere.”—SYDENHAM.

In a number of these he wrote, from the same source, just under the first:

“Medicus curat, natura sanat morbos.”

When he roused himself to the fact that the advancement of medical science and improvements in teaching demanded a widely different field from that which Lexington furnished, he did not hesitate as to his duty. He came to Louisville, and aided very materially in founding the Medical Department of the University of Louisville. In this great enterprise, which has been of incalculable value to the Southwest, and which has largely contributed to the renown and pecuniary emoluments of Louisville, Professor Yandell, next to the Hon. James Guthrie, was the Ajax Telamon of this arduous undertaking. I have often thought of Macaulay's “restless bed of Pascal,” in connection with Professor Yandell in these early labors. He, like Pascal, was pale and sickly, the victim of a disease that brought him near to death's door. But his courage was invincible, his spirit indomitable, his energies nearly tireless. “Sublime indeed is the dominion of the mind over the body, that, for a time, can make the flesh and nerve impregnable and string the sinews like steel.”

In that which he felt it his duty to perform he seemed to rise superior to sickness and suffering. In this severe suffering he filled two chairs in the University, and he rejoiced to see it established as one of the most prosperous institutions of medical learning in the United States. He was directly connected with it for the period of twenty-one years, and to the end of his great life he remained its wise counselor, its active and cherished friend. Alas! how we shall miss his accustomed presence with us on occasions of this kind!

In all the years of his busy life, he was unresting in the labors that he loved. They were diversified, but such was the skill he displayed in each department which he adorned, that in looking at any one specimen of his work we might have supposed that one

was his vocation. Whether he wrote history, essays upon geology, on medical themes, biography, the advancement of education, or the wisdom, the power and beneficence of the Creator in His works, he seemed to make each theme his own, and he adorned it with life and beauty. Independently of his lectures, he wrote fully one hundred papers on the various subjects that he had studied, and they are papers of profound interest. His mind was admirably equipped for work of this kind. He seemed to have caught, in its fullness, the spirit of the teachings of Dr. Abercrombie, in his great work "On the Intellectual Faculties:" "Learn to feel the supreme interest of the discipline of the mind; study the remarkable power which you can exercise over its habits of attention and its trains of thought, and cultivate a sense of the deep importance of exercising this power according to the principles of wisdom and virtue. Judging upon these principles, we are taught to feel that life has a value beyond the mere acquirement of knowledge, and the mere prosecution of our own happiness. This value is found in those nobler pursuits which qualify us for promoting the good of others, and in those acquirements by which we learn to become masters of ourselves. It is to cultivate the intellectual part for the attainment of truth, and to train the moral being for the solemn purposes of life, when life is viewed in its relation to a life which is to come."

How grand and ennobling are such trainings and equipments as these for the sublime and glorious purposes of our lives! How vast may the proportions of these lives become by incessant exertions on our part, to send abroad the fertilizing influences that quicken our whole being into works of beneficence, of kindness, of mercy, of gentleness, adorned with all the graces of philanthropy! I have known many students who seemed to grasp each flying moment for improvement, but I have never known a more incessant student than Professor Yandell. As his manifold acquisitions fell from his mind, it was lawful and natural to wonder where he could have gathered them. If you were very intimate with him, and saw how he improved every opportunity, how, instead of shunning labor, he courted all the exactions of toil, the wonder would have been reasonable whether there was anything which he did not know. He was very familiar with the heights and depths, with the most recondite intricacies of the English language. The monstrosities of uncouth forms called the English

dialect did not mar and disfigure the purities of his compositions. There was a freshness, a clearness of diction, an energetic style that make his writings a delightful study, and these were as conspicuous in his recent writings as in those of any period of his career. In this respect he is a model, an exemplar worthy of a large following. You will find in English medical literature, prepared by men who have gone through university terms at Oxford or Cambridge, an attempt at emphasis by using the word "most" in a way to make it mean nothing. If they wish to be emphatic, instead of saying very correct or very accurate, they insult us by saying most correct or most accurate, never having learned, apparently, that most is the superlative of much, and in the mass of places where it is applied must be used, appropriately, as such. From such sins and vices in composition akin to them, as these, Professor Yandell was unusually free. His words, and words are things, were not like a disorderly soldiery in bewildered, tumultuous flight, but each part of speech fell into its place and marched as steadily and correctly as a well-disciplined army. He held that whatever is worth doing, is worthy of being well done.

A gentleman who became intimate with Professor Yandell soon after his arrival in this city, and who is distinguished for his liberal help to the needy, told me recently that he had often called upon Professor Yandell for help in cases of distress, and that in no instance had he ever failed in getting all the aid he told him he needed from him. In this respect the poor have lost in him a munificent friend.

I have known but few men as thoroughly acquainted with the whole range of English literature as Professor Yandell. He had its great masters in all their grandeur, in their diversified beauty, energy, vigor and potency, in very perfect ministry to his wishes. It was delightful to hear their eloquence, their terseness, their epigrammatic wit sparkle in his conversation. His colloquial powers, through these vitalizing agencies, were of a very high character, and it was a rare feast to listen to them.

In all the relations of his life he was eminently great. He adorned the lecture room with a fervid eloquence; as an editor of medical journalism he had few equals and no superior; as a medical essayist he was forcible, clear and instructive; as a geologist and palæontologist he was one of the foremost cultivators in the West and Southwest, and he ranked very high among the

masters of these sciences. He was an able, judicious and instructive biographer in his profession, and his great biographical work on the medical men of Kentucky is in such a state of forwardness that there is good reason to suppose it will yet see the light. A foretaste of its excellent qualities has already been given in the published monographs on Professors B. W. Dudley, Charles Caldwell, John Esten Cooke and Dr. B. F. Shumard, and those who have partaken of these streams will rejoice when the full flowing river is ready for profitable use.

If any one wishes to see and understand his masterly ability, I direct attention to that elaborate and eloquent "Address on Medical Literature before the International Medical Congress," which assembled at Philadelphia in 1876. It is filled with profound interest. There is in it almost an exhaustive research, a careful weighing of statements in uttering his judgments, a lively, spirited, clear and terse style, that commends it as the ablest paper that has appeared on the subject.

In addition to the paper on "What fossils teach," to which I have already referred, he wrote for the *Home and School*, a journal devoted to education, literature and science, edited by Major Davis, of this city, these valuable essays: "The blood in its relations to the brain," "Food and digestion," "Influence of the mind on the body," an essay "On the brain," "The poetry of science," "Physiology of sleep and dreams," and "On birds," each of which will well reward study.

The last paper which he lived to write was probably one of the most instructive of all his voluminous writings, replete as they all are with instruction. It is entitled "Old Age: its diseases and its hygiene." It is a panorama of striking facts of absorbing interest. The closing sentence of this paper is: "The thought with which I would close this essay is that the danger which most imperils old age is not overwork, but the want of enlivening occupation." He had inculcated a doctrine akin to this in his paper on "The influence of the mind upon the body." He enforced it strongly and beautifully by reference to the life of Dean Swift. In this excellent, this judicious paper on "Old Age," which we rejoice to know he was preserved to finish, occurs this instructive passage: "The enfeebled power of generating heat renders aged persons extremely sensitive to cold, and liable to the complaints which cold engenders. Many old people, especially among the

poor, fall victims to pneumonia every winter. Dr. Cooke, just referred to, long a teacher of medicine in Kentucky, had repeated attacks of pneumonia, and finally died of one brought on by exposure to cold on his farm. If he stood on a cold pavement, at any time, until he began to shiver, he was sure, as I have often heard him remark, to have an attack."

It is very curious that our illustrious teacher, with such lessons as these written to guide others, should have fallen a victim to pneumonia by neglecting his own excellent teaching. He referred to this fact on his death-bed, and said that it was strange that he should then be ill from a failure to observe one of the most clear of all sanitary laws, one which he had fully inculcated in this essay. It was an illustration, added to many thousands of examples, of the truth of the sentiment of Horace:

"I know the right, and I approve it, too;
I hate the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

In this essay, Professor Yandell says: "In truth we have to confess that we know not what is the natural term of human life." He combats the prevalent prejudice that severe studies shorten life. He very properly considers that "climate, personal habits, occupation and mode of life, are known to be vastly influential." Elam, in his work, "A Physician's Problems," in addition to the instances given by Professor Yandell, enumerates many examples of old age, in persons of great learning and very studious habits, from which I quote: Fontenelle, the most universal genius that Europe has produced, was for forty-two years secretary to the Academy of Sciences in Paris; he lived with unimpaired faculties to the age of one hundred years. When he was asked whether he felt any pain, he replied: "I only feel a difficulty in existing." Father Sirmond, called by Naude, "an inexhaustible treasury of ecclesiastical lore," lived to be ninety-three; and Hutton, the great geologist and cosmogonist, notwithstanding the fiery flames of persecution that he had to pass through on account of his geological teachings, died at the age of ninety-two.

Gorgias, the rhetorician, lived to the age of one hundred and eight years, "without discontinuing his studies and without any infirmities." Epimenides, the seventh of "the wise men of Greece," lived to be one hundred and fifty-four. The preceptor

of Hippocrates, Herodicus, a distinguished physician and philosopher, lived to the age of one hundred. Hippocrates lived to be ninety-nine, and his labors and studies were very great. Galen, a laborious writer and physician, was on the verge of one hundred years when he died. He is said to have written three hundred volumes. Theophrastus wrote two hundred distinct treatises, and lived to be one hundred and seven years old. Democritus, the philosopher, died at the age of one hundred and nine. Xenophon, Diogenes and Carneades each lived to be ninety. Varro was a studious scholar and laborious worker in author-craft. He composed five hundred volumes and lived eighty-eight years. Euripides was eighty-five years of age before death overtook him. Polybius was eighty-one, Juvenal over eighty, Plato died at eighty-one, and Socrates was murdered at seventy-one years of age. Theodore Beza, the illustrious scholar, and one of the greatest of controversial writers, was in perfect possession of his faculties at eighty-six. Richard Bentley, one of the greatest of scholars, died at eighty-one; Hobbs at ninety-one; Heyne at eighty-four; Parr at eighty; Pighius at eighty-four.

M. Lordat, in his "Mental Dynamics," gives many instances of successful literary pursuits being carried on to an extremely advanced age. Among them is that of a French poet, M. Quersonniers, who, in 1844, was one hundred and sixteen years of age. He was remarkable for his fine conversational powers and vivacity. In conversation with a friend, he said: "I am descended from Methusaleh; we must be killed in order to die; my maternal grandfather was killed by an accident at 125 years of age. I invite you to my funeral in the next century."

Lord Brougham reached the age of eighty-nine, and was engaged constantly in intellectual labors, from early boyhood to the end of his life. He once worked six continuous days (144 hours) without sleep, then rushed down to his country lodgings, slept all Saturday night, all Sunday and Sunday night, and was waked by his valet on Monday morning, to begin another week's work. His labors were equal to those of half a dozen ordinarily active literary men. He never seemed to be fatigued.

Mr. Maclaren, of the Gymnasium, Oxford, in his work on "Physical Education," says: "There is no error more profound, or productive of more evil, than that which views the bodily and mental powers as antithetical and opposed, and which imagines

that the culture of the one must be made at the expense of the other. *The truth is precisely the reverse of this. In the acquirement of bodily health, mental occupation is a helpful, indeed a necessary agent.*" Dr. Madden, in his work on "The Infirmities of Genius," says: "It may truly be said, without any hyperbole, that every pursuit which ennobles the mind has a tendency to invigorate the body, and, by its tranquilizing influence, to add to the duration of life."

It was the besotted voluptuary, Festus, who gave currency to the doctrine, against which Professor Yandell reasoned in this paper. Festus, amazed at the fervid, electrical eloquence of Paul, said: "Much learning has made you mad," as if, in the annals of mankind, such a thing had ever occurred. We owe Professor Yandell a debt of profound gratitude for this able essay.

Professor Parvin records that in a note accompanying the manuscript, he said: "This probably is the last of my contributions to medical journalism." Alas! that death should have made this a truthful prophecy. At noon, on Thursday, before he died, he began a note to his son, saying: "I should like to see the proof of my article on Old"—his hand failed him, and he was unable to read his proof-sheets when they were brought to him. He died in the full harness of labor.

His last pecuniary transaction was a fitting close to a life that loved to look to the faith in the gospel of Christ, that gives "a hope which we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." The last business transaction, just before he took to his bed, was the payment of his dues to the Orphans' Home.

As a professor, he was always gentle, kind and courteous to medical students. Among his medical brethren he stood very high. His family relations were a picture of supreme bliss. He loved his children with a very pure devotion, which they fully reciprocated. In his recent visit to Texas to attend the wedding of his son, he became enamored with the climate and beauty of Seguin and San Antonio. In his diary I find this record: "I should move to Texas, even at my advanced age, if it were not for my children and grandchildren, who bind me to Louisville. I find myself constantly revisiting in memory the beautiful country about Seguin and San Antonio, where, if I could have my dear ones all around me, I think it would be so pleasant to spend the few declining days that may be left me on earth. I am about finishing

my work on the 'Medical Annals of Kentucky,' and then I do not propose to undertake any other task."

The members of the College of Physicians and Surgeons elected Professor Vandell President of that organization. The State Medical Society, at its annual meeting in this city, last April, honored itself in electing him President of that body, an election which caused a general joy among the medical men of Kentucky. His address on that occasion was, and is, replete with profound interest. How beautifully did he draw, on this occasion, from the rich resources of Crabbe, this picture of medical art and science:

"Glorious its aim! To ease the laboring heart,
To war with Death, and stop his flying dart,
To trace the source whence the fierce contest grew,
And Life's short lease on easier terms renew;
To calm the frenzy of the burning brain,
To heal the tortures of imploring pain;
Or, where more powerful ills all efforts brave,
To soothe the victim no device can save,
And smooth the stormy passage to the grave."

On the anniversary of his birthday, July 4, 1875, he had reached the Psalmist's allotted span of life. In his diary he records: "To-day I have lived my three score and ten years. I have outlived all my family, and have but few cousins older than I am to-day. I have been greatly blessed with health, and with activity of body and mind. I still enjoy life. I love society, especially that of my little grandchildren.

"I look forward without concern to the future, having placed my all in the hands of Him who, having loved me when I was His enemy, will order all things well for me now that I have put my trust in Him. I am persuaded that He will keep that which I have committed to him against that day."

January 1, 1878, when he was over seventy-two years of age, his diary has this record: "I entered upon the year in excellent health, and in a truly social spirit. I commenced my New Year's calls with a visit. * * * It was a day of real pleasure to me." On the 25th of January he records a visit to a patient. He left his office at one o'clock, and never returned to it again.

He often quoted Horace. In one place he says:

"Dost thou become more sage,
Milder and mellowed, with declining age?"

was a question which Horace habitually asked himself, as his works show;" and, in answer to Horace, Dr. Yandell quotes Wordsworth:

"Old, yet unchilled by age."

But time is waning. I have endeavored to present to you the conspicuous elements that constituted the supreme excellence of the character of Professor Yandell. He died in the spirit in which he had lived. When the summons came he met it in the full possession of his mind, placidly, calmly, contentedly—

"Sinking as sinks the sun

Below the farthest hills, when his day's work is done."

He did not feel, as Lord Chesterfield expressed himself in dying, that "he was taking a leap in the dark." On the 4th day of February his "mortal part put on immortality." He was fully enrobed for this great journey.

The profession of the city honored his remains. A great profusion of flowers decked the casket that contained his body. On the swift courses of the telegraph lines came messages of sorrow and sympathy from the great and eminent of the medical profession throughout the continent.

"What would'st thou have a good, great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of corse which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures—love and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death."

Gentlemen of the Faculty, I have thus endeavored to discharge the assigned duty to the memory of our illustrious confrere. Such a career as his, filled as it was with brilliant and almost unceasing labors, could scarcely have justice done to it in the brief space of time allotted to me. But the sketch of such an exemplar as he was may fire the hearts of some of the young men among us to imitate his bright example—to attempt to be as earnest, as industrious, as conscientious and as laborious as he was in every line of duty. May each and all remember that, in the language of Milton: "He alone is worthy the appellation of

greatness who does great things, or teaches how they may be done, or describes them with a suitable majesty when they have been done; but those only are great things which tend to render life more happy, which increase the innocent enjoyments and comforts of existence, or which pave the way to a state of future bliss more permanent and more pure." Such, in a pre-eminent degree, was the life, such the labors of the man whose memory we honor to-day, whose departure from us we deeply deplore. In all your thoughts, in all your acts, remember—

"Were not the eye itself a sun, no sun for it could ever shine;
By nothing noble could the heart be won, were not the heart divine."

